



# THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

*Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earle  
of Westmerland, with others.*

*King.*



O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,  
And breath short winded accēts of new broils  
To be commenc't in stronds a far remote:  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soile  
Shal dawbe her lips with her owne childrens  
No more shall trenching war channel her fields, (blood,  
Nor bruise her flourets with the armed hooves  
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,  
Which like the meteors of a troubled heauen,  
All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke  
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,  
Shall now in mutuall welbeseeming rancks,  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against acquaintance, kindred and allyes.  
The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his master: therefore friends,  
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,  
Whose souldiour now, vnder whose blessed crosse  
We are impressed and ingag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuy,  
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,  
To chase these Pagans in those holy fields,  
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feet,

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